

THE
SONGS,
DUETS,
GLEES, CHORUSSES, &c.

In the new grand Spectacle of Music, Dance, and Action,

called The

GENOESE PIRATE,

OR

Black Beard:

As performed

(FOR THE FIRST TIME)

at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

On Monday, October 15, 1798.

Cross

The Overture and Music, by Mr. Sanderfon; the Scenery by Messrs.
Phillips, Lupino, Hollogan, Blackmore, &c.

LONDON:

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CHARACTERS.

Blackbeard (the Piratical Captain) *Mr. Follet*

Boatswain, *Mr. Townsend*

William, *Mr. Hill*

Pirates, *Messrs. Linton, Street, Grey, Abbot, Whitmore, &c.*

Negro Slaves, *Messrs. Blurton, Platt, Jackson,*

Wilde, Dyke, &c.

Cesar (Blackbeard's faithful Negro) *Mr. Bologna, Jun.*

Grim, *Mr. Bologna, Sen.*

Captain of L'Espoir, *Mr. Clarke*

Drunken Negro, *Mr. Simmons*

British Officers and Sailors, *Messrs. Lewis, Findlay, &c. &c.*

Abdallah, *Mr. Farley*

Orra (Blackbeard's Wife) *Mrs. Watts*

Nancy (disguised as a Piratical Seaman) *Miss Gray*

Female Slaves, *Miss Burnet, Mrs. Bologna, Mrs. Ward,*

Miss Bologna, &c.

And Ismena, *Mrs. Wybrow*

A Short Sketch of the Ballet.

THE Piece commences with the carousal of *Black Beard* and his Crew in the Pirate's Grand Cabbin, they descry a Sail bearing the Mogul's Colours, conveying the Princess *Ismena* and her Lover *Abdallah* — they are taken. *Black Beard* becomes enamoured of the Princess, and separates them : — They steer towards the Roads of Madagascar, where he has deposited his Riches in the Care of *Orra*, his Wife, to whom, on his landing, he introduces the Princess. *Orra* watches her with a jealous Eye, but dreading her Husband's ferocious Disposition, with seeming Complacency receives her. In the Interim he gives Orders that *Abdallah* shall be dispatched — the Commands are received by *William* and his Sweetheart *Nancy*, the affectionate Female, who had followed his Fortunes in Disguise, and, when taken by *Black Beard*, became reluctantly Pirates. *William* recognizes in *Abdallah* a Friend who had redeemed him from Slavery, and gratefully in return aids his Escape — the jealous *Orra* seduces *Ismena*, under a Promise of Freedom, to a sequestered Spot, where she attempts her Murder, but is prevented by *Black Beard*, who plunges the Dagger, intended for the Princess, in his Wife's Heart — her Lover, wandering near the Spot, is wounded by *Cesar* (*Black Beard's* faithful Negro) in endeavouring to rescue his Mistress, who is conveyed once more for Safety on-board the Pirate. Her wounded Lover

meets

meets with the Captain of *L'Espoir*, who, being in Search of the Pirate, learns the Inlet where he has anchored, and determines to attack him — mean Time *Black Beard* endeavours, by every Art, to seduce *Ismena* — but is interrupted by the Apparition of his murdered Wife — he views her with Horror, but has scarce Time to reflect, when he learns his Ship is about being boarded by the British Captain, he gives *Ismena* to the Care of *Cesar*, commanding him to lodge her in the Powder-Magazine, and should the Captain be victorious, set Fire to it, and blow them all up together, which he is on the Point of accomplishing, when his Hand is arrested by *Abdallah*. The British Captain, after an obstinate Engagement plunges the piratical Monster into the Sea — *Abdallah* is restored to his faithful *Ismena*, and British Valour and Humanity conspicuously triumphant.

SONGS,

S O N G S, &c.

GLEE.

Messrs. TOWNSEND, HILL, LINTON, GRAY, STREET,
Miss GRAY, &c.

WHILE the jolly grog's afloat,
Fal lal la, fal lal la,
We bid Care push off his boat,
Fal lal la, fal lal la,
The Pirate leads a jolly life,
Fal lal la, fal lal la,
His arms, his friend, his ship, his wife;
Fal lal la, fal lal la.

BOATSWAIN, (*Solo*) Mr. TOWNSEND.

Who has felt here what fear is, not one I'll be bound,
On a barrel of gunpowder see Grim asleep;
Put a lighted match to it, his bottom is found.
(*He yawns, sees the light, and goes to sleep again.*)
Your hand poize the bowl, my boys, we dash o'er the deep.
(*All repeat*) While the jolly grog's afloat.

BOAT-

BOATSWAIN.

I'll wager these arms 'gainst your cutlafs, old boy,
 He snuffs out the candle at five yards, first fire:
 Hold it Cesar! (*he does so*) don't shake, so—there, zounds!
 He's as let fly! (*Fires, and snuffs out the candle.*)
 I've won! poise the bowl again, brisk boys, poise it higher.
 (*All repeat*) While the jolly grog's afloat.

GLEE.

Messrs. TOWNSEND, HILL, LINTON, GRAY, STREET,
 Miss GRAY, &c.

AN enemy appears in view,
 Fal de ral, de ral, de ra,
 To glad the jolly Pirate's crew:
 Fal de ral, de ral, da.
 See, this way she bends her course,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 No matter, boys, tho' twice our force:
 Fal de ral, &c.
 Our black flag hoisted pirate like,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 The great Mogul must sink or strike.
 Fal de ral, &c.

BALLAD.

Miss GRAY.

I.

MY Willy was a sailor bold,
 He lov'd no other lass but me;
 To earn for Anne a store of gold,
 My constant Willy went to sea.
 When on his trembling lip—farewell!
 Hung dew-drop like, it rent my heart;
 I felt my throbbing bosom swell,
 And vow'd from Willy ne'er to part.

II.

“ In jacket blue and trowsers neat,
 “ Snow-white that play'd around my knee,
 “ I join'd the ship in Willy's fleet
 “ Most dear to Anne, and went to sea;
 “ A storm came on, rude tempests blew,
 “ A pirate's flag appall'd each heart;
 “ We struck—they forc'd him join their crew.
 “ I scorn'd from Willy still to part.”

III.

He knows me not as his true love,
 But a kind messmate makes to me;
 His truth, his constancy, I prove,
 For I'm his constant theme at sea:
 Link'd thus by love two minds unite,
 Conjoin'd, each boasts a faithful heart;
 I'll guard him in the raging fight,
 Nor e'en in death with Willy part:

DIALOGUE GLEE.

Messrs. TOWNSEND, HILL, LINTON, GRAY, STREET,
Miss GRAY, &c.

STAND to your guns !—Our cannons thunder
Soon shall strike the foe with wonder :
Fire ! fire away !
We've rak'd 'em on the larboard quarter ;
A shot, my hearts, 'tween wind and water ;
She strikes, she strikes ! huzza !
Full of riches, brave messmates, we take her in tow,
Under hatches her crew will be stow'd soon below ;
A Princess our brave Captain's prize !
The Mogul's vaunting colours are torn to a rag,
Triumphant above flies the Pirate's black flag,
Which the world's daring efforts defies :
Now 'bout ship put the rudder, boys—spring up the sportive
gale,
To harbour, girls, and boozing, boys, we merrily set sail.
With fol, lol, lol, &c.

SONG.

Mr. TOWNSEND.

A Pirate's life's a voyage of glee,
For, in life's jolly cruise,
He ploughs the ocean merrily,
And ev'ry foe subdues :

In a storm, or a calm,
 He ne'er can take harm,
 In a battle sticks taught to his tethers;
 Cannon, cutlafs, or Old Davy,
 Ne'er can make him cry peccavi;
 A heart of oak he steers it in all weathers.

I've heard great guns, old Boreas blow,
 Loud thunders roll and lightning flash,
 The mountain billows o'er us dash,
 And all prepar'd to sink below:

But free from fear,
 Yeo-ho, what cheer!
 Right carelefs one and all,
 As the billows break,
 And bulge the wreck,
 We tune our pipe to fol de rol, lol.

To meet us when presumes the foe,
 The Sea's dominion we maintain,
 And arm to arm deal blow for blow,
 The rightful monarchs of the Main.
 Unpitying hear the captive's moans,
 Or e'en a dying brother groans.

No wonder,—'tis plunder!
 (To boldly seize our gallant prize),
 That warms the heart and glads the eyes;
 Then, then, brave boys, flies round the flip,
 Right carelefs one and all,
 As the billows break and bulge the wreck,
 We tune our pipe to fol de rol lol.
 As the billows, &c.

BALLAD.—NEGRO BOY, Master STANDEN.

I.

WHEN funny beams de sky adorn,
 Chick a ching, chick a ching, chick a ching,
 And glad the laughing Buckra's eye,
 Chick a ching, &c.
 I see poor Missie weep and mourn;
 Massa return, or Missie die.
 Poor Missie die.

II.

When 'gainst her home de storm beat loud,
 Chick a ching, &c.
 De tempest sing him lullaby,
 Chick a ching, &c.
 Her starry eye in tear she shroud,
 Massa return, or Missie die.
 Chick a ching, &c.

BALLAD.—Mr. HILL.

THREE years I've bade sweet home adieu,
 Have left an angel kind and true,
 Whose beauties taught me to revere
 Sweet Ann, the sum of all my care.

Ta'en by Buccaneers I roam,
 Lost to Hope, my Ann, and home,
 But as Sorrow's current flows,
 Learn to feel for others woes.

DUET.—Capt. of L'ESPOIR and DRUNKEN NEGRO.

Mr. CLARK and Mr. SIMMONS.

I.

IN search of a Pirate infesting these seas,
 Whose cruelty makes him the dread of the coast,
 In some creek or inlet, who rides at his ease,
 And makes death and carnage and plunder his boast;
 Who has play'd such mad pranks—robb'd the ocean so neatly
 Resolv'd are our tars to destroy him completely,
 And he and messmates like wretches go hang:

DRUNKEN NEGRO.

Ah, Massa, dat hard to my poor way of tinkin,
 To choak de poor troat dat so doat upon drinking;
 But me still drink a little, come ting a ting tang.

II.

Let us meet hand to hand that is all I implore,
 Tho' our guns but sixteen, and but slender our crew,
 Their proud two and forty's shall thunder no more,
 'Tis justice commands us, her course we pursue.

NEGRO.

NEGRO.

If justice commands den poor Negro knees quakee,
My heart in de bosom go bump a bump shakee.

SAILOR.

Lead the way—found his harbour—or like him go gang.

NEGRO.

Ah, Massa, me run—but to my way of tinkin,
'Tis hard you should choak de poor troat dat love drinking,
But me still, &c.

BALLAD.—Sung by Mr. HILL.

Written by G. SAVILLE CAREY.

I.

HEARING the news the other day,
The prowess of our gallant tars,
Their girls on shore were heard to say,
While weeping at their bleeding scars:
What son of all the valiant crew,
Said Nancy, wou'd you wish to choose,
While near her stood young Sall and Sue,
And Poll with her Morocco shoes.

II.

II.

Give me young Tomp-son, Sally cry'd :
 Said Sue, my choice shall Will-son be :
 Poll wish'd for Jack-son by her side :
 Then Nan said, Nel-son's left for me :
 Britannia rising from the main,
 With Envy darting from her eyes,
 Bade Nancy make her choice again,
 And vow'd that NELSON was her prize.

DUET.—WILLIAM and NANCY.

Mr. HILL and Miss GRAY.

NANCY.

NO longer heave the heart-felt sigh,
 Thy footsteps I attend,
 [Tapping heard at the cabin window,
 And hark, I hear my Willy nigh :
 Humanity's true friend.
[She opens the cabin window, his head is discernible,

WILLIAM.

Under the stern we anxious wait
 To guard you in your flight.

[The moon rises,

NANCY.

NANCY.

Ah ! cruel moon, why thus defeat
Our hopes, by too much light ;
Say—may we venture ?

WILLIAM.

No, no, no !
The splashing oar would now alarm ;
For scudding on—a British prow,
Impels the daring Pirate arm.
All's hush'd above—

NANCY.

In silence dread,
For slaughter they prepare ;

BOTH.

May Heav'n protect us in our need,
And Virtue be its care.





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